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COLLECTION

OF ALL

P O E M S

UPON

C H A R L E S,

P R I N C E of *Wales*,

R E G E N T of the Kingdoms of *Scotland, Eng-
and, France and Ireland*, and Dominions
thereunto belonging,

Published since His Arrival in *Edinburgh* the 17th Day of
September, till the 1st of *November*, 1745.



Printed in the Year MDCCXLV.

TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
CHARLES
PRINCE OF WALES

Presented to the Kingdome of Scotland
and the Kingdom of Ireland



Presented to the Kingdome of Scotland
and the Kingdom of Ireland
by the
Honble. Secy. of State
for the Colonies
and the
West India Affairs
in the
Year 1825

T O
 His ROYAL HIGHNESS,
 CHARLES,
 PRINCE of WALES,

REGENT of the Kingdoms of *Scotland, Eng-
 land, France and Ireland, &c.*

——— *Te nostræ, VARE, myricæ,
 Te nemus omne canet.*———
Jam nova Progenies Cælo demittitur alto.

HAIL GLORIOUS YOUTH! the Wonder of the Age,
 The future Subject of th' Historian's Page;
 Oh best of PRINCES! best of PATRIOTS, deign
 A loyal Muse to hail thy happy Reign.

THOU born to right three injur'd Nations Cause,
 To strip Oppressors of oppressive Laws;
 Like Heaven, thou comes with Mercy in thy Eyes,
 And Tears drop down when ev'n a Rebel dies.

WHERE shall the *Muse* begin to sing thy Praise?
 Where fix a Period to her honest Lays?
 Oh! could my Fancy with my Will agree,
 I still wou'd sing, and still wou'd sing of Thee.

VAIN are the Efforts of an artless Man,
His Fire extinct, and shorten'd half his Span;
Another *MARCO* shall arise, whose Pen
Shall place the *HERO* with immortal Men.

BUT still, ye GODS, allow me Time to breathe,
While to my PRINCE's Head I add a Wreath;
While I contribute one unheeded Mite,
'Tis all I can, and all for which I write.

OH! God-like-Man, what Angel steer'd thy Course?
What GOD directed, where was thy Resource?
Th' *Usurper's* Fleets, in Triumph, scal'd the Waves,
The base *Usurper's* Mercenary Slaves;
Rav'nous and bold they skip'd along the Main,
With Views, dear PRINCE, to sell thy Life for Gain:
Yet THOU, undaunted, fearless, God-like, rode
In a poor Shallop; ---- 'Twas the Cause of GOD;
And GOD, who set to nought th' *Assyrians* Pride,
Thy Vessel guarded, and their Pow'r defy'd.

BUT say, when landed on a Native Shore,
What Friends Thou found'st, or what cou'd Foes do more?
Friends faithless some, and some by far too slow,
O'erwhelm'd thy *Princely Heart* with gen'rous Woe;
Whiles Foes had destin'd thy devoted Head,
Like *CHARLES* and *MARY's* on a Block to bleed.

MEAN Time, unguarded *Youth*, thou stood'st alone,
The cruel Tyrant urg'd his Army on;
But Truth and Goodness were the best of Arms,
And, fearless PRINCE, thou smil'd at threaten'd Harms.

How

How happy He ! where honest Views presides,
 That is the *Man* the GOD of Nature guides :
 Thus glorious *VASA* work'd in *Swedish* Mines ;
 Thus helpless saw his Enemy's Designs ;
 Till rous'd, his hardy *Highlanders* arose,
 And pour'd Destruction on their foreign Foes.

THUS soon, GREAT SIR, thy honest Cause procur'd,
 A Loyal Race ne'er swore, or ne'er abjur'd ;
 A Set of Men, the Terror and the Dread
 Of the detested *Hanoverian* Breed ;
 A Set of Men, whose Worth was scarcely known ;
 A Set of Men th' *Usurper* did disown :
 Disown'd indeed ! reserv'd for some great Blow ;
 Some Hangman Work, like loyal good *GLENCOE*.

THESE are the Few whom Heaven and Fate reserve,
 From further Slav'ry *Scotia* to preserve ;
 To aid their PRINCE, and set him on his Throne ;
 Strike Tyrants dead ; make *JAMES* be King alone :
 These are the hardy Sons the Gods decree
 To set three Nations from *Usurpers* free.

PROCEED, great Warriors, worthy Men proceed,
 And latest Ages shall the Annal read ;
 How hardy loyal *Highlanders* alone
 Restor'd the *STEWARTS*, and set them on the Throne !

WHAT Praise, O *CAMERON* ! can the Muse ascribe,
 Thou free from Censure, as thou wast from Bribe ;
 Unstain'd, unfully'd, in a corrupt Age,
 Reserv'd for Fame in every Poet's Page :
 The Sun shall fade, the Stars shall lose their Light ;
 But *CAMERON*'s Fame shall never suffer Night :

Bright

Bright as thy self it ever shall appear
 To all good Men, to GOD and Angels dear ;
 Thou wast the first that lent thy friendly Aid,
 Of no *Usurper's* bloody Laws afraid ;
 Thou wast the first, and thy Example drew
 The honest, loyal, honourable Few.

Few, few indeed, but mighty Hearts they had :
 Thou, PRINCE, their Leader, who cou'd be afraid ?
 So fair a Copy all must imitate,
 And join to hasten the *Usurper's* Fate.

O'ER the bleak Mountains see the SONS of FAME
 Fearless advance, and catch the glorious Flame ;
 They saw their PRINCE, they lov'd, and they admir'd,
 For Glory burn'd, with Loyalty were fir'd.

AH ! Name long lost, and scarcely understood,
 And only living in the *Scottish* Blood,
 Soon shall it spread, and soon the Flame return,
 And soon each *British* Heart with Ardour burn.

OH *Glorious Youth* ! they cry'd, while we have Breath,
 Nought, nought shall part us but immediate Death,
 Our honest Fathers Loyal Blood we share,
 Thou art our PRINCE, and Thou the righteous *Heir* :
 See, see that Face, where all the *STEWART* shines !
 Is bright Divinity in fairer Lines ?
 See mild good Nature join'd with noble Grace,
 Is't not the *STEWART* and *SOBIESKI* Race ?
 Glorious Connection ! Here the Warrior glows,
 There, like his Great Fore-Fathers, Mercy flows ;
 Mercy ill tim'd, ill plac'd, their only Crime
 To trust too much, and trust it out of Time.

THOU

THOU, *Glorious Prince*, how great was thy Reply !

- “ I come to Conquer, or I come to Die :
 “ And great the Conquest, if I conquer Hearts ;
 “ No Joy the Field of Death so great imparts.
 “ Let proud *Usurpers* rule by Penal Laws,
 “ Your PRINCE from no such Right His Title draws ;
 “ I come, poor *SCOTIA*'s Cause to vindicate
 “ With You, I dare the most detested Fate :
 “ Think not I'll punish every trait'rous Deed,
 “ My Arms are open, for my Sons I bleed ;
 “ See here my Father's Royal Word, ----- And see
 “ My Actions, and his Will shall still agree. ”

THE Gracious Declaration, issu'd forth,
 Resound glad Ecchoes thro' the spacious North,
 Repenting Subjects, weeping own their Crimes,
 Curse the *Usurper*, and degen'rate Times,
 With Noble Ardor rush into the Field,
 For to such Manly Goodness all must yield.

SEE the bold CHIEFS their hardy Warriors lead,
 Eager in such a Cause, with such a Head,
GLENGARY, KEPPOCH, APPIN, only weep,
 These thirty Years the Cause has been asleep ;
 Nor good *GLENBUCKET*, Loyal thro' thy Life,
 Wast thou untimely in the Glorious Strife ?
 Thy CHIEF degen'rate, Thou his Terror stood,
 To vindicate the Loyal *GORDON*'s Blood,
 The Loyal *GORDONS* own the gen'rous Call,
 With *CHARLES* and Thee resolv'd to live or fall.

SEE *ATHOLE*'s Duke, in Exile, ever true,
 His faithful Toils for Thee his PRINCE renew ;

By

By Tyrants first, then by a Brother spurn'd,
 Still, still, with Loyalty his Bosom burn'd;
 One of the Select never-dying Train
 Convey'd their PRINCE thro' Dangers on the Main,
 See how Hereditary Right prevails,
 And see *Astræa* poise the Wayward Scales!
 Th' Usurping Brother to th' Usurper flees,
 While his Return is ecchoed to the Skies,
 And happy Vassals to his Standard flies.

His worthy Brother bursting into Fame,
 Asserts the Honour of the *MURRAY*'s Name,
 In Council wise, and glorious in the Field,
 His PRINCE's Thunder born with Grace to weild;
 To hurl Destruction on Invet'rate Foes,
 And give *BRITANNIA* long desir'd Repose.

THE *MURRAYS* glowing with a gen'rous Flame,
 Affords still Subjects for the noblest Theme;
 But these I pass. ---- Their Virtues speak their Praise,
 Nor shall be lost by inexpressive Lays.

BUT why, Oh *PERTH*! why should I silent be,
 Nor tell the World the Worth that lives in Thee?
 Thy hospitable Doors to Foes were wide,
 Even to the Foes by whom thou wast betray'd;
 But Heaven, thy Guardian, stop'd the threatn'd Ill,
 And *PERTH* preserv'd, and will preserve him still.

ELCHO ---- but Words are weak, for who can tell
 What God-like Actions have express'd so well.

BELOV'D by all, see *OGILVIE* appears
 A Man in Courage, tho' a Youth in Years;

Thy

Thy Fame, succeeding Ages pleas'd, shall read,
And future *AIRLIES* emulate each Deed.

THEE, NAIRN and *GASK*, with Raptures could I sing,
Still true to *GOD*, your Country, and your *KING*,
Loyal and just, sincere as weeping Truth,
The same in Manhood as in early Youth;
But while the Sun the blue Horizon gilds,
Each little Witness to his Brightness yields.

STROWAN, great Chief, whom both *Minervas* Crown,
Illustrious *Bard*, thou Suff'rer of Renown,
Long dim'd, like Rays shot from a clouded Star,
In Verse *Apollo*, and a *Mars* in War.

MENZIES reserv'd to add a nobler Grace,
To an Illustrious, but forgotten Race;
A Race that added to the *Brucian* Fame,
And rises now with no less Loyal Flame.

Th' Immortal *GRAHAMs*, but ah! without a Head,
Yet always shew that Loyalty's their Creed.

' *THESE, Mighty Prince*, were Men, by Heaven's Decree
Reserv'd, to catch new Hopes and Life from Thee;
Reserv'd with Thee to pull th' *Usurper* down,
To right Thy Country, and to right Thy Crown.

FROM *PERTH* the select Few, with Courage springs,
Bent for *EDINA*, ancient Seat of Kings;
Nor dreary Wastes, nor Forts their Ardour quells,
Not ev'n in Heart, the meanest Man rebels:
Thou, *Glorious Prince*, 'midst Death and Danger bred,
Thro' all, the willing Troops to Glory led.

WELCOME thou cam'st, nor were bigotted Foes
 Allow'd thy happy Entrance to oppose ;
 Happy thou cam'st to save a ruin'd Town,
 By Penal Laws and Bigotry pull'd down.

HAPPY *EDINA*, now thy Joy's complete,
 Thy *KINGS* again resume their ancient Seat :
 A *PRINCE* that smiles on Thee, and still will smile,
 And make Thee great while *BRITAIN* is an Isle :
 His Soldiers Hands in Pity he restrains,
 For *Blood* and *Robb'ry* are no *STEWART's* Stains.

A Nauseous Tool th' *Usurper's* Anger finds,
 A *COPE* to war 'gainst *GOD*, and Man, and Winds ;
 Boldly he *march'd*, with Words blasphemous fraught,
 With Death and Torture in each Coward thought :
 Whilst thou, my *PRINCE*, with Mildness *march'd* away,
 In *GOD* thy Hope, without the least Dismay.

BUT who, *GREAT SIR*, can draw the dreadful Dawn,
 Where Thou appear'd above a mortal Man ?
 Where all thy *Troops*, with martial Ardour strove,
 Who best should fight, and best deserve thy *Love* :
 The horrid *TUBES*, which thunder'd from afar,
 But urg'd their Ardour to the noble War ;
 While sculking Traitors took themselves to flight,
 Nor dar'd to urge the worthy Warrior's Might :
 Short the Dispute, for soon the flaming Sword
 Taught *GOD* was with thee, thou, next Him, our *LORD*.

OH ! who can paint the Horrors of the Day,
 The dying Dead, the Anguish, the Dismay ;
 Whilst Thou with Tears their dismal Fate bemoans,
 And flies to help, and ease even Traitors Groans.

OH !

OH! *Glorious Character!* Oh *Man Divine!*
 With what immortal Honour shalt thou shine?
 "These are my Children, spare, ye *Sons of War.*
 "Tho' disobedient, yet my Children spare."

BUT stop, my *Muse*, be conscious of thy Flight,
 Nor dare attempt beyond a mortal Height;
 A *HOMER* only can a *CHARLES* draw,
 Retire with Wonder, and submissive Awe.

Prince CHARLES's Welcome to Scotland.

WELCOME to *Scotia's* Plains, dear injur'd Youth,
 With thy great Sires were banish'd Love and Truth;
 Bribes and Corruption long have fill'd thy Throne,
 Detested Arts to thy great Race unknown:
 See *Britons*, see indulgent *CHARLES* returns,
 His virtuous Soul with Love for *Britain* burns;
 Such Love a Parent Heart, for Sons ingrate,
 Keeps dormant till Repentance, even tho' late;
 Restores the unduteous Offspring to his Arms,
 And all his Rage with filial Tears disarms.
 Space for Repentance Heaven affords to all,
 And *CHARLES*, like Heaven, invites the Prodigal.
 Weep *Britons!* weep the Royal Martyr's Blood,
 For Vengeance, or Repentance calls aloud!
 True Penitents due Restitution make,
 And Heaven's pleas'd when Men their Crimes forsake:
 Fly then your Crimes, restore your injur'd PRINCE,
 And, by your Deeds, your Penitence evince;
 Kind Heaven that pities, will forgive your Fall,
 And late Posterity shall bless you all:

Albion,

Albion, once more, triumph in Liberty,
 From worst of Bondage, curst Corruption free:
 The Man who dares such profer'd Grace despise,
 His G O D, his King and Country all denies.

*A POEM on the Birth of His Royal High-
 ness, CHARLES, now Prince Regent.*

To the Tune of, Pinkie House.

Ungrateful Britons rouze for Shame,
 And own the Royal Race,
 Who can alone restore your Fame,
 Your Sufferings all redress.
 To Royal JAMES, your native King,
 Your Vows and Homage pay;
 That Ages late may see him reign,
 And his blest SON obey.
 Your Hopes, illustrious PRINCE, now raise
 To all the Charms of Power;
 Propitious Joys of Love and Peace,
 Already crown each Hour.
 Prophetick Hymen join'd his Voice,
 And gave a Princely Son,
 Whose ripen'd Age may fill, he cries,
 His Father's widow'd Throne.
 Loud as I heard the Voice of Fame,
 Th' important News relate,
 While Eccho caught the pleasant Theme,
 And did the Sound repete:

Mute.

Mute, when she spoke, was ev'ry Wood,

The Zephyrs ceas'd to blow,

The Waves in silent Raptures stood,

And *Forth* forgot to flow.

'Twas thus in early Bloom of Time,

And in a rev'rend Oak,

In sacred and inspired Rhyme,

An ancient *Druid* spoke.

" An Hero from fair *Clementine*,

" Long Ages hence shall spring,

" And all the Gods their Pow'rs combine,

" To bless the future King.

" *Venus* shall give him all her Charms,

" To win and conquer Hearts ;

" Rough *Mars* shall train the Youth to Arms,

" *Minerva* teach him Arts.

" Great *Jove* shall all his *Bolts* supply,

" Which taught the Rebel Brood,

" To know the Ruler of the Sky,

" And, trembling, own their G O D."

*A P O E M upon the 29th of May, the Day
of King CHARLES II. his Birth and
happy Restoration.*

N O Voice more soft than Thunder can express

Our present Joy, or our past Heaviness ;

None can the Largeness of this Joy set out,

Unless at once he make three Kingdoms shout.

O! therefore, let us jointly all proclaim

The Praise of this Act, due unto the Name

Of

Of Him, by whom Kings reign : And O ! that we
 Could make our Souls, wing'd with Devotion, flee
 To GOD on High, in Thankfulness and Praise,
 Who without Blood has crown'd our KING with Bays,
 Brought from three conquer'd Nations, which he
 Holds in Submission, but to keep them free
 From the hard Yoke of Bondage, which of late
 So gall'd our Necks, whilst that we call'd a State,
 Was nought but Madmen sitting at the Helm ;
 'Twas a great Bedlam, now 'tis a Realm.
 But those bad Times are past, this Day we are
 Even rescued from the Sword, without a War :
 Without a War, Prince CHARLES his Kingdoms won ;
 Thus straight, when GOD would have't, the Thing is done,
 O ! may we thankful be, and sing His Praise,
 Who, for our Cypress, now has given us Bays :
 May we give GOD and *Cæsar* all their Due,
 And always Peace and Loyalty pursue.

June 10th, 1745, *being the Anniversary of*
His MAJESTY's Birth.

SHALL Britons still at feeble Wishes stay,
 And hail with nothing else this happy Day !
 Now more than Half a Cent'ry render'd vain
 By vile Submissions to a foreign Reign ?
 Are we oppress'd at Home, despis'd Abroad,
 And into Interests unconcerning aw'd ?
 Where, for Blood spilt, and Treasures spent, we gain
 Disgrace and Loss, and dare not yet complain ?

REFLECT what Joy this Day did once afford
To loyal Subjects and their rightful Lord,
When he was born ; whose Birth we have in view ;
Who only can the Joys then felt renew.

GIVE Him His Right, and in Return receive
Such Happiness as He alone can give ;
For Slav'ry, Freedom ; and for Suff'rings, Ease ;
Trade, Wealth and Fame, to make those Blessings please.

*A POEM on Prince CHARLES's Vi-
ctory at Gladsmuir.*

HAIL, happy *Scotland* ! Bless the long'd for Day,
That shines propitious with a chearful Ray,
See from her Bed thine ancient *Honour* springs,
She lifts her Crest, and claps her joyful Wings.
No more shall Ease her splendid Form obscure,
The scornful Victim of a Foreign Pow'r.
Thy warlike Sons, a brave and generous Band,
Contend for *Freedom* to their native Land,
And what bold Hand to check their Course shall dare ?
While god-like *CHARLES* commands the glorious War ;
In vain Rebellion shakes her pointless Dart,
To damp the Valour of his dauntless Heart ;
Firm like a Rock he'll stem the raging Tide,
Till in full Triumph he victorious ride.

BUT now small Space the different Hosts divide,
The Scheme is laid on brave *MacDonald's* Side,
Night draws her Curtains, e're the Battle joins,
The Rebel Army fires their outmost Lines :

Not

Not so the *Glans*, but in soft Slumbers laid;
 They wait the Morning in their *Tartan-Plaid*.
 First starts the PRINCE, e're *Phæbus* shed one Ray,
 And blest'd the Dawning o' th' important Day.
 O Heavens! he said, while Heaven attentive heard,
 This Day may *Justice* have its due Reward,
 If what I ask, if what I seek be mine,
 On me may your indulgent Favour shine;
 But if I aim to gain another's Right,
 May all my Forces here be put to Flight;
Amen, he cries. The Army hears around,
 And springs like Lightning from the humid Ground.
 Abash'd, they view their PRINCE, and smote their Breast,
 That he should rise e're they could leave their Rest;
 But soon compos'd, they lend an anxious Ear,
 And list'ning, lean His gracious Words to hear.
 " My Friends, he says, and drew his flaming Sword,
 " I trust my Person to your sacred Word,
 " Like you unmail'd, ye view me here all o'er,
 " The first in Danger, as the first in Pow'r:
 " This Day I hope, thro' GOD Almighty's Aid,
 " Ye shall a free and happy Race be made.
 " Pursue my Steps, I'll lead the Warlike Van,
 " And should Heaven frown, I'll fall the destin'd Man;
 " Yet may that Heaven be all their sure Defence,
 " Who fight in Favour of their injur'd Prince.
 " But if good Success crown our dawning Hope,
 " And we gain Conquest o'er rebellious *Cope*,
 " This is my Will, this is my high Behest,
 " In Hopes for once you'll grant your PRINCE Request,
 " Let

" Let no rash Hand raise his destructive Blade,
 " Nor wreck his Vengeance on a guiltless Head ;
 " No Spite nor Vengeance brought them to the Field ;
 " They fight from Custom, and will quickly yield.
 " Soon will these Men be brought to own the Right,
 " And for their lawful PRINCE exert their Might.
 " Lead *Triumph* then with soft and gentle Reins,
 " The Blood's sufficient that the Vict'ry gains,
 " What more is shed comes trickling from my Veins. }
 " COME then advance, retrieve your ancient Fame,
 " And Hosts shall trembling hear of *Gladsmuir's* Name.
 " For me, resolv'd I rush into the Field,
 " To die or triumph, but I ne'er shall yield.
 " You see my Sword, I threw the Scabbard by,
 " An useless Burden till I reign or die ;
 " Nor shall at Ease my lazy Musquet loll,
 " First from her Mouth the flaming Death shall roll.
 " No Work is servile, and no Office mean,
 " That can my Father's and your Rights maintain. "

HE spoke--- The CLANS a Peal of Joy express,
 Their native Valour kindled in their Breast ;
 Now Joy, now Rage, inspire their Soul by Turns,
 And with fresh Vigour all the Army burns,
 Led by the Darling of their Souls Delight,
They Came, they Saw, and Conquer'd at the Sight. W. L.

*On the signal VICTORY at Gladsmuir, gain'd
 by his Royal Highness Prince CHARLES,
 September 21. 1745. By a Lady, extempore.*

WHILE CHARLES, with his Youthful Charms,
 His winning Look, victorious Arms,

In *Highland* Majesty leads on
 To Victory, and *Scotland* won;
 In endless Raptures all relate
 That Glorious DAY, and *Gladsmuir's* Fate:
 Behold our brave successful HERO,
 In razing down a *German Nero*,
 Counts Laurels vain, while *British* Blood
 Must flow, t' exalt the publick Good,
 Refuses GLORY which he wan,
 And greatly cries, 'Twas GOD, not MAN.

*An ODE to his Royal Highness, CHARLES,
 Prince Regent, &c. after the BATTLE of
 Gladsmuir.*

-----*Redeunt Saturnia Regna.*
 VIRG.

I.

THY Deeds are such, illustrious YOUTH!
 Mirac'lous in the simplest Truth,
No Poet's Art they need;
 Let but Historians barely tell,
 At *Gladsmuir*, what through Thee besel,
'Twill all Belief exceed.

The Cause, the Conduct, the Success Divine,
 As bright and lasting as the SUN shall shine.

II.

For half a Century and more,
 Under usurping Foreign Pow'r,
Thy Father's native Right
 Had groan'd; till Thou his duteous SON,
 Like Lightning to the Rescue run,
Chac'd Horror's dismal Night

From

From clouded Britain; bade her Sons be free,
And take that Blessing, under GOD, from Thee.

III.

Heav'n paves the Way, the *Just* approve,
An Offer of such tender Love,

By Thee to Duty fir'd;

That fifteen hundred durst engage
Four thousand Foes, with *Skill* and *Rage*,

And zealous Wrong, inspir'd:

Scarce thy raw *Soldiers* had the Fight begun,
But all their Foes are *routed* and *undone*.

IV.

So Thunder struck, the Giants far'd,
When impiously 'gainst Heav'n they war'd,

E'er Jove regain'd his Throne;

Such *Influence*, in thy FATHER's Right,
Hast Thou, to urge REBELLION's Flight,

And win and fix a Crown:

To *British* Subjects PEACE and FREEDOM bring,
And make them happy in their NATIVE KING.

V.

Great PRINCE, whom *Vict'ry* can't elate,
Who dost ev'n *slaughter'd* Foes regret;

Thou glorious Type of Heav'n!

Traitors convict, to *Death* decreed,
Are by thy gen'rous *Mercy* freed,

And graciously forgiven:

Of GOD's *Resemblance* you so much express,
Ordain'd three ruin'd Kingdoms to redress.

A curious P O E M to the Memory of Sir
 WILLIAM WALLACE.

I NSPIR'D with your Applause, the daring Muse
 Again her rough unpolish'd Lays renews,
 With eager Joy surveys the glorious Theme,
 And burns with Love of *WALLACE*' sacred Name.

Design'd, from Mankind's loyal nameless Crowd,
 To raise the Humble, and to check the Proud,
 To stop the baneful Growth of lawless Power,
 And render injur'd Innocence secure.

No Views, however glitt'ring, could controul
 The virtuous Dictates of his gen'rous Soul;
 But bleeding *Liberty's* expiring Charms
 Fir'd his brave Soul, and edg'd his conq'ring Arms,
 With martial Ardour gave his Breast to glow,
 And turn'd him like a Whirlwind on the Foe.

Oppress'd with Woes, ill fated *Scotia* lay,
 To *EDWARD's* Power a sunk defenceless Prey;
 Her drooping Friends beheld with mournful Eyes,
 Their Lord an Exile, and his Right a Prize;
 By Foes relentless, saw her Towns oppress'd,
 Her Temples pillag'd, and her Fields laid waste;
 Justice and Freedom sway'd by brutal Force,
 And Ruin rush with an impetuous Course.

Then fir'd by righteous Heaven, great *WALLACE* rose,
 And turn'd the Tide of Conquest on her Foes.
 They mark'd wild Ruin's unresisted Course,
 And fair Ey'd *Freedom* chain'd by brutal Force;

Again

Again he broke his Country's shameful Chain,
And *Plenty* bless'd, and *Freedom* charm'd again.

So wildly tofs'd on the tempestuous Main,
Stiff'ned with Cold, and drench'd with chilling Rain,
When the pale Sailors see impending Death,
And think each painful Gasp their latest Breath,
A pitying Power their hopeless State surveys,
And bids an Angel calm the raging Seas;
The furious Storm obeys the dread Behest,
And in their Beds the trembling Billows rest.

EDWARD, ambitious Prince, thou, mad with Grief,
Beheld'st the Valour of one God-like *CHIEF*,
While *Liberty* upheld her awful Lord,
And injur'd Justice edg'd his thund'ring Sword;
With more than mortal Force, (oppos'd in vain),
He storm'd thy boasted Host, and swept the Plain;
Horror, dire Power, perch'd on his orby Shield,
And gloomy Vengeance wing'd him thro' the Field;
Pale Death adorn'd his Sword, and ev'ry Blow
A guilty Wretch sent to the World below.

But Thou, by Force unable to o'erthrow,
By mean Deceit destroyed'st thy gen'rous Foe;
Yet know, while Shame and Infamy are thine,
Bright and more bright th' illustrious *Chief* shall shine;
The fatal Ax adds Glories to his Fame,
And throws a Blot o'er thy inglorious Name.

*A POEM by a Lady on seeing His Royal
Highness the Prince Regent.*

O Glorious *YOUTH*! 'tis evidently plain,
By thy majestick Eyes thou'rt born to reign;

But

But when thy warlike and extended Hand,
 Directs the foremost Ranks to charge or stand,
 Retract thy Face, lest that, so fair and young,
 Should call in Doubt the Orders of thy Tongue.
 May ev'ry Action, ev'ry Grace of thine,
 (O latest Son of Fame, Son of the BRUCE's Line)
 Affect thy Troops with all that can inspire,
 A blooming Sweetness and a martial Fire,
 Fatal to none but thy audacious *Foe*;
 So Lightnings which to all their Brightness show,
 Strike but the Man alone who has provok'd the Blow. }
 I on no other Terms a Man would be,
 But to defend thy glorious Cause and thee;
 For both, my Life to lose I'd bravely chuse,
 I now can only serve thee with my Muse;
 But were my Pen a Sword, thy Foes I'd meet,
 And lay the conquer'd World beneath thy Feet.

*The 20th Psalm, imitated from BUCHANAN,
 is here desired to be inserted in our Collec-
 tion of Poems. Never before printed.*

TH^{O'} the ungodly Senate has decreed,
 That *JACOB*'s righteous Heir shall ne'er succeed:
 Tho' they resolve their Treason to sustain,
 And wage perpetual War e'er he shall reign:
 Tho' their united Force they should command
 To raze, with Fire and Sword, the faithful Land:
 Tho' they proclaim their Calumnies aloud,
 Varnish'd with holy Zeal, t' amuse the Croud:
 O Gift of Heaven! -----

Despond.

Despond not to subvert their guilty **Laws**,
 The Fathers **GOD** will prop the **Childrens Cause**.
 Th' Almighty weighs the Just, and sees them weak;
 But thou implore Him; for thy Saviour's sake,
 He from on high will grant thy Soul's Desire,
 Extend thy Camp, and all their Hearts inspire
 With pious Ardour, and undaunted Fire.
 And thou, their Leader, through thy Maker strong,
 Shalt, with an awful Glance, abash the guilty Throng.
 These Wonders will to future Days remain,
 To prove thou hast not paid thy Vows in vain;
 But that thy sacred Incense did arise
 Welcom'd, (a Sign of Love) with op'ning Skies.

O! may the **GOD** of Order put a Close
 To our Confusions, and convert thy Foes;
 Then shalt thou rule the Land with saving Grace,
 And we, thy weary Train, shall rest in Peace.

AND now I see the Heavens expanded wide,
 The willing Sky recoiling on each Side;
 The World's Redeemer gloriously appears,
 To sooth thy Sorrows, and disperse thy Fears;
 High on His holy Mount He sits alone,
 Bright is His Footstool, brighter is His Throne:
 But O! His Face! whose Lustre is no less
 Than what Ten thousand Suns but faintly can express,
 Rob'd with Omnipotence, behold him stand,
 While all His heavenly Ministerial Band,
 At humble Distance, wait their **LORD's** Command.
 From His bright Eyes Flashes of Rage are hurl'd,
 While for the Guilt of Sin He spurns the World;

And

And wheresoe'er His angry Voice is bore,
 It quells the mighty Thunders loudest Rore.
 Lo! thus He spoke,--- "Tho' Seas and Earth combine
 " T' oppose thy Right, thy Title is Divine;
 " Thou't Mine Anointed, Vengeance shall be Mine.
 " Tho' sinful Tribes, confederate with thy Foes,
 " Prosper a while, yet certain are their Woes.
 " Let them rejoice to hear their Terrors fly,
 " And, rattling through the Clouds, invade the Sky;
 " Let them confide in those, and vainly boast
 " Their well-capparison'd and warlick Host,
 " Thou art the genuine Offspring of the Just,
 " In Me alone, thy GOD, repose thy Trust."
 O Heavens! let not this Vision be in vain,
 But aid Thy Servant in his toilsome Reign;
 That when, through Thee, he's settled on the Throne,
 He'll hear our Plaints, as Thou hast heard his own.

F I N I S.



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